Dependancy - on me-

Oppressed with grief, oppressed with care,

Abandoned more than I can bear.

Yet, I turn to men and sigh,

With time, you out a galling load,

Rolling along a weary road.

To meet him such as it,

Dimmed backward as I cast my view.

What sickly scene appears,

What sorrow yet may pierce me through.

Too gently may he see -

a hard - caring - disappointing -

Must be my bitter destiny.

My woes here shall close me in

But with the closing torments.

Winter

The winter west extends his blast,

And brisk and main goes down.

The storming north and beating forth

The blinding sheet and main.

While tumbling known, the beam comes down-

And rows face blight to blight;

And blight and heart in earnest met.

And puffs the heartless day.

The sweeping blast, the sky sincere-

The joyless Winter day.

But others hear. To me more deep.